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REVIEWS OF BOOKS.

if a public banquet had been advertised, Lord Leveson Gower, or the Lord Chief Justice Bushe (who, by the way, are patrons of the project,) to take the chair, the whole affair had infallibly prospered.

With all his learning, and talent, and patriotic zeal, Dr. Stokes is deficient in one very material qualification of a public man. As he reads his lectures from notes, however ample, we cannot help being struck with the physical disabilities under which he labours. Nature has been unkind to him in this particular. His voice is low, and soft, and weak; and to the graces of action and delivery, he has evidently never in the least stooped to sacrifice. Yet he never fails to command the respectful attention of his auditory—nay, the admiration of most to whom his manner is familiar. We see him before us a gentleman advanced in years, tall, erect, or with “a slight bend forward,” like Sterne’s monk; of a delicate frame; his general aspect benevolent and impressive. His features are of no common mould—large, and very remarkable—“sicklied o’er with the pale cast of thought,” but most frequently enlivened by the brilliancy of his eyes. Though not usually fluent in his delivery, his feelings on subjects in which he takes a deep interest, find vent in a natural torrent of enthusiastic expression.

What Dr. Stokes has written, he has written well; but he has not written enough. On medical subjects I believe the labours of his pen have been principally employed: his pamphlet on contagion—a subject bearing so closely on the safety and welfare of his much loved native country—was considered to be a very able performance. But the publication on which he has bestowed his most mature research, and which may perhaps be looked upon as the repository of whatever is peculiar in his opinions, on subjects not purely scientific, is his *Observations on the Population and Resources of Ireland*; a curious work, from which I had purposed to extract some passages; but, I fear I have already greatly exceeded my limits, so I shall bring my paper to a close.

I have not chosen to treat of Dr. Stokes in a strictly professional point of view, because I preferred to describe him rather as he comes before us—as he is—than as he formerly was. He was once a professor in the school of physic, and held many very important medical appointments; but he has long since resigned them all. In the decline of life, he would enjoy that repose from the labour of professional pursuits, to which the activity of his earlier career so well entitles him; whilst in his occasional *avatars*, and public lectures, he seeks the enjoyment of his benevolent principle—by contributing his valuable assistance to the diffusion of useful knowledge.

C.

* We need scarcely say that nothing can be farther from our wish or intention than to attempt any defence or extenuation of the political or religious opinions so boldly professed by Dr. Stokes. We deeply regret the dangerous errors into which we conscientiously believe him to have fallen upon both subjects, and we likewise deem it due to a distinguished and excellent prelate of our church, once provost of Trinity College, to mention, that to him Dr. Stokes was mainly indebted for the kind and liberal efforts successfully made, to prevent a violent disruption of all connection between him and the university of Dublin.

It may not be unnecessary to add, that we ourselves entertain different sentiments and a very different tone of feeling, with respect to the university, from that with which the much esteemed writer of the present sketch is apparently imbued. Though we think something, perhaps much, may yet be done to improve some of the departments of that institution, (a subject upon which we shall offer our opinions more at large some other

Cloudesley. A Tale. By the author of Caleb Williams. 3 vols. 8vo.—Colburn and Bentley—London.

To speak of the merits of the author of these volumes would be to impute utter ignorance to our readers. The name of Godwin is known throughout the literary world.

The avowed intention of the work is to illustrate a proposition, which, as the writer asserts, has been stated before, but which has not yet, perhaps, received so full an explanation as might have been given of it.

History—the history of masses of men—may be regarded under two points of view, either as it relates to the vicissitudes of nations, their rise and fall, their progress in refinement and corruption, their literature, their habits and customs, their philosophy and their religion—in a word, all that belongs to men in the aggregate; or, as it relates to the conduct of those who occupy a considerable place on the scene. Of all and each of the former, the writer asserts that we may attain to some knowledge, but of the character of individuals almost nothing.

“It is,” he proceeds, “under the latter of these heads, that, however paradoxical it may seem, fictitious history is more true and to be depended on, when it has the fortune to be executed by a masterly hand, than that which is to be drawn from state papers, documents and letters written by those who were actually engaged in the scene.”

The discussion of this paradox, for one of the most extraordinary kind it is, would, of itself, occupy a space greater than that of the three volumes we are about to review, and, after all, would, we are convinced, leave the question precisely as it was at the commencement. But, on an examination of the work before us, read with this object in view, we must say, that we do not find in it any confirmation of the principle which Godwin proposed that it should confirm.

The introduction of celebrated characters into fictitious history, is equally instructive as pleasing; not, however, because we become better acquainted with their real dispositions, but because the great points of that character can be made, “by a masterly hand,” to stand out more prominently, and thus bring both itself and all the train of actions associated with it, more forcibly before the eyes of those who hitherto knew, and were inclined to know, little about them. It is gilding the pill of history for the spoiled children of literature.

There are other points in the preface of these interesting volumes which we should like to dwell upon. This part of the book,

we are proud and happy to number several of its fellows among our most esteemed and respected friends, and towards one of them, at least, whose pupil it was once our happiness to be, both duty and inclination prompt us to cherish sentiments of a far warmer nature, to which we dare not trust ourselves to give utterance, lest in the effort to express our feelings in their natural strength, we might do violence to the scrupulous refinement of a mind to which we owe so much, and thus offend the native delicacy of one who does not live the less in the hearts of those who are fortunate enough to know him, that he shrinks, perhaps too sensitively, from all appearance of publicity and applause. We feel assured that we could point to at least one other member of “the Board,” who has effected, and will yet effect, for the advancement of learning and the promotion of science, both in the university and throughout all Europe, much more than even the worthy and eccentric subject of our friend’s personal sketch.

E.

indeed, seems to be considered by the author as the materiel, and the rest merely a kind of chasing, by which he hopes to bring out the value and excellence of the metal more fully; in the same manner as that author who has lately come out so voluminously before the public, but whom it is not for us to comment or criticise upon, his high mightiness the two houses of parliament, send forth a puny report of some half dozen stunted folios, illustrated with an appendix of a bulk in paper and minuteness in type, sufficient to satisfy the craving even of a German commentator. Yet after all, it is the chasing that sells the gold; it is the tale that disposes of the book; the novelist, say the best we can of it, writes for grown children, and with them “the play’s the thing,” and not the moral, whether appended to it by Æsop, or prefixed by Godwin.

The tale is worthy of the author. Two brothers, the sons of an Irish nobleman, are brought up together, but under very different treatment; the elder, the heir, is the sole favourite; the younger brother is wholly neglected, unless so far as to give him an education sufficient to carry him through the career of life for which younger brothers of noble families are usually destined. Notwithstanding this diversity in the parental management, the brothers become most strongly attached to each other through the innate good qualities of both, and, having passed through college together, they enter the same regiment. After their father’s death they join the Austrian army under Prince Eugene, in the memorable war against the Turks, in the beginning of the last century, by the toils and vicissitudes of which, their former ties of brotherly affection became more indissolubly confirmed.

Among the many romantic occurrences which take place in every war, and more particularly in one where Asiatic and European customs as well as arms must necessarily come in conflict, Lord Alton, the elder brother, rescues a beautiful young Grecian lady from the hands of some Turkish soldiers. We give the description of her person in the author’s words, because the reader can thus best judge of his merits in a department in which he is peculiarly felicitous, that of animated description.

“She stood before us in the lustre of that beauty, which is seen in the frailer and more delicate moiety of the human species, when born beneath a glowing sun: she could not be more than nineteen years of age. The first thing that struck the beholder was the extreme regularity of her features, so that the eye wandered over the whole countenance without meeting a single harshness which might disturb its enchanted gaze. Her forehead was low and broad, yet arched, and being for that reason in a considerable degree concealed by the hair, a double interest was given to the eyes, which thus became, in a certain sense, the sole interpreters of the mind. These were full and round, the dark balls dilating with innumerable rays, and fixed in a liquid heaven of the deepest, purest blue. The sweeping arch of the upper lid gave a peculiar look of nobleness and openness to the countenance. There seemed, so to speak, full room for the thoughts to come forth and display themselves. Her nose was broad at the root, and, descending straight from the forehead, terminated in due season in a rounded point. Her smile was tender and full, and, while it possessed extraordinary powers of expression, disturbed less the shape

of the lips than the smile of an European, which most frequently widens in lines into the cheek. Her chin, which was round and turned up, formed, as it were, a base to the whole countenance. Her cheeks were not full and prominent, but on the contrary seemed to withdraw, and thus to place the features strikingly in relief. Her complexion was brown and glowing, and, on any sudden emotion, her eyes, and lips, and cheeks, partook of the same suffusion, each with a hue peculiar to herself, yet blending into one delicious whole. Her figure was smaller in size and fulness than that of the beauties of the north usually are, while it was at the same time more defined in muscular appearance, more airy in effect, and compact in the entire whole."

Such was the person whom the writer so felicitously describes, and upon whom the whole interest of the work depends. She was the daughter of a Greek nobleman, who had roused the Greeks of the Morea to an insurrection against their oppressive masters, and who, on the termination of a long and unsuccessful struggle, was forced to quit his native land. In the contest which ensued before the lady's rescue, her father was killed; her mother soon sunk under the accumulation of banishment and domestic misfortune, and the beautiful Greek was thus left totally dependant on the bounty of the British nobleman. She soon after became his wife.

The marriage in no way diminished the cordiality of the brothers mutual attachment. They resided together in the north of Italy, a climate chosen as most congenial to the delicacy of the lady's health, which in addition to the effects of her preceding family sufferings, was also liable to be affected by the change naturally to be expected from her new situation as a wife. While residing at Venice, Lord Alton, the elder brother, irritated by contemptuous expressions used against the Greek nation, and against his wife's father more particularly, by a young Venetian nobleman, struck him in a public assembly; the offence was unpardonable; a duel was the necessary consequence, and Lord Alton fell. He died, after recommending his wife to the care of his brother, who undertook the charge with all the enthusiasm of fraternal affection, heightened by gratitude. The Grecian lady did not long survive this last shock; she died on giving birth to a son, who was thus entitled to inherit the fortunes and the rank which his father had enjoyed.

The death of Lord Alton made an extraordinary change in the younger brother's sentiments. He thus describes them: "My journey from Saltsburg, while returning from the fatal scene, was a memorable period of my life. I saw none of the objects that presented themselves on the road; whether I went forward or stopped, whether I were waking or asleep, to me was all the same. What passed before my bodily sense was nothing; my mind was occupied only in its own longings. I called up all the images of my boyish days. I recollected the slights and contempt which had been put upon me by my parents; how my brother had been their idol, while I seemed only to stand in the way, to be a being that had intruded himself into a world where he was not wanted. I recollected the senseless and pernicious speeches of the servants:—'Ah! Master Richard, what a fine thing it is to be the eldest! your brother will

have the whole estate; he will be called my Lord; the house here in county Cork, and the house in Dublin, will be his. But, I am sure, I do not know what they will do with you. I suppose they will make a parson of you; you will be your brother's chaplain.'—All this was now on the point of being reversed: the whole was suspended on an invisible thread. Every thing was at the disposal of that most capricious of umpires and autocrats, chance. Would the child with which my sister was pregnant, be a male or a female? would it live or die? would she, who was now in so alarming and perilous a state, bring it alive into the world? Then, all that depended on this chance passed in full review before me. I saw the house in county Cork, and the house in Dublin: I saw the pillars of marble, and the apartments of state: I saw the numerous train of tenants and dependants. Were all these to call me master in the proper sense of the word? Or was I to administer them only as the functionary of another; to take care of them, that they might be properly managed and delivered in perfect condition to the brat of Irene, and then to be cast out as a loathsome weed, unworthy to grow in the garden of the peerage, either English or Irish."

Although deprived by the birth of the son of all present hope of the innocent attainment of his great object in life, yet the death of the mother suggested the idea that this difficulty could now be easily removed by making away with the infant. Murder, however, was not within the scope of his meditations; he proposed to descend no further down the declivity of guilt, than would be absolutely necessary to secure himself in the possession of rank and affluence, and to prevent the legitimate claimant from ever making or wishing to make any attempt to dispossess him. All this was effected speedily, with little difficulty and with no suspicion, through the agency of the late lord's confidential servant, who agreed to take the infant and educate him as his own child, for a liberal annual compensation. The younger brother, now Lord Alton, and afterwards Lord Danvers, by the death of a relative of high rank and very large estates in England, returned to that country, proved the infant's death to the entire satisfaction of all parties concerned, took possession of all his nephew's rights and property, and continued to enjoy them without the smallest suspicion being excited as to the nefarious means by which they had been usurped.

The workings of the guilty soul while thus revelling in all that the world calls good, form one of the chief beauties of these volumes, displaying most powerfully the author's skill in the analysis of that most mysterious compound, "the naked human heart." Lord Danvers marries a woman of the most amiable qualities, becomes the father, but not the happy father, of four fine children, and lives encircled with all that usually constitutes domestic happiness. The following is the account given of his mode of living; we wish we could have been more copious in our extracts:—

"In process of time Selina made me the father of four children, two sons and two daughters. She proved no less exemplary as a mother, than she had before done as a wife; and under her able and judicious management our happy progeny daily expanded in new loveliness and virtues. Their alternate frolics and caresses rendered my rural retreat a very paradise

to me. I remembered the error into which my own father and mother had fallen, and its pernicious consequences; and I resolved that not the smallest difference of treatment should be allowed to introduce itself between my sons, the elder and the younger. They lived, therefore, in uninterrupted harmony and love.—Never was man more fortunate in his experiment of the connubial state than I have been. I seemed to possess every ingredient that might have constituted the most unalloyed happiness. What occasional spectator would not have envied a lot which fell to the share of so few among mortal men! But it was all unsubstantial and hollow: the consequences of my misdeed pursued me. Heaven, though sometimes slow in executing the retribution laid up for us; is still in vain to be expected to forget the vindication of its justice."

His elder son, at eleven years of age, sickened and died. This was the first blow; it dimmed all his family prospects by the anticipation of a similar death to his other children by a similar disease. The forebodings of a stricken conscience were but too true: both his daughters fell in turn victims to the same blighting malady: his wife sunk also under her maternal afflictions. "The fate," says he, "of our remaining daughter was no sooner decided and complete, than the dreadful effects of all that had passed became visible in Selina. The heart of her heart was gone. She said, she was fully aware that she had at least one remaining duty to perform on earth, attendance on the days, and an endeavour to sustain the failing strength, and mitigate the last struggles and sufferings of our surviving son. She was, however, relieved from the performance of this heart-rending duty. She died, recommending with her last breath, her only child to him she called the best of men."

"Thus did Selina in these last solemn moments misread my character. I shed no tears; but no tongue can tell what I suffered. I preserved a plausible and a manlike exterior.—But it was not possible that my wife should suffer the thousandth part of the agonies I did. She saw the course of events: but I only possessed the key that explained and opened the whole. To her it was only an unheard-of oppression of adverse incidents; but I saw in it the hand of God. It was justice, that he who had robbed and maltreated his brother's orphan, should himself be made childless; that he who had stolen the inheritance of his brother, should be denied the fruits of his loins to inherit after him. All these innocents, my wife and her offspring, perished from the face of the earth: but I was the guilty cause.—When my whole family had perished, and I with my youngest son was left alone, it is not in words to express the anguish that overwhelmed me. I saw the hand of the Governor of the Universe in all that had occurred. He was my enemy! Where would he stop in the just retribution inflicted for my crime? What sort of a monument of divine vengeance was I to become? I saw all the miseries that had hitherto overtaken me; but it was beyond the penetration of my prophetic spirit to discern what was to come."

While Lord Danvers was thus reaping the bitter fruits of his crime, his agent, Cloudealey, was occupied in fulfilling his part of the engagement. This man, whose name is made the title of the narrative, is described as benevolent by nature, but misanthropic by collision

with the world. His participation in the tissue of guilt in which he was involved by his more educated accomplice, was, however, the only instance in which his misanthropy degenerated into crime. He is described as feeling that the only means to compensate for his share in an act so black, was to devote himself to secure the happiness of his so strangely adopted son, whom he resolved to educate so as to secure his happiness in his present station of life, and to qualify him for ascending gracefully into a more elevated rank, should the course of events make him acquainted with his rightful claims.

The ideas of a writer like Godwin upon the important subject of education, are worthy of peculiar attention. Cloudesley, he says, wished to make his ward all-accomplished.—The first point of attainment was the acquisition of languages. The child had been singularly circumstanced at the period when his organs were first formed to the imitation of articulate sounds. Cloudesley spoke to him in English; Eudocia, his wife, who had been a Grecian attendant on the infant's mother, with the pliability so characteristic of female love, learned a good deal of English from her husband; but she could not refrain, especially in moments when the heart most pours itself out without constraint, from mingling words of endearment borrowed from her native tongue; the German servants, and more particularly the girl who had the charge of thy child, addressed him in German. Cloudesley was desirous of putting an end to this eternal jargon; and resolving that the language of his ward should, as soon as possible, be Italian only, removed with his family into Italy.

Cloudesley was anxious in the first place for the robustness and sound health of the corporeal frame of his pupil. He, therefore, took the child with him to the fields, as soon as, in the fine climate of Lombardy, he was capable of this discipline. He taught him to run, to vault, and to swim. After this, when Julian, for so the boy was named, was seven or eight years old, he had him instructed in shooting with the bow, in wrestling and in horsemanship. His course of puerile literary studies is thus described:—

"Italian was to the boy in a manner his native tongue; and therefore at a comparatively early age, his tutor began to initiate him in the rudiments of the Latin language. But all this was without formality. The inflexions of nouns and verbs were treated as a kind of game. When Julian had laughed sufficiently at the sing-song of declensions and conjugations, they were laid aside for something else. The next day the tutor would propose that the boy should try how much he could recollect of the exercise of the day before; and when he did well, his instructor would commend him, and perhaps, turn the whole into an agreeable recollection by a toy, a tool, an amusement, a promenade, so as to produce unconsciously a pleasing combination of ideas between the lesson and the gratuity. The meaning of sentences in Latin was acquired by Julian's first learning by heart a distich or stanza for its musical cadence, at which he had a marvellous facility, and then his inquisitive mind instinctively prompted him to enquire after the sense, which, by means of his tutor's lively method of expounding, he was well contented to learn word for word till he had mastered the whole."

If the author, in his account of the orphan's education, proposed to show how the future events of his life naturally or necessarily proceeded from the previous course of his mental training, the mode described by him is excellent; but if he intended it as a model for introducing a young man into the higher grade of society, it must be pronounced a failure.

The education of Julian, as described throughout the narrative, is that of a spoiled child, a child of extraordinary natural faculties, but yet completely spoiled. When grown up to years of maturity, we find him utterly ignorant of the most simple and necessary acquirements for entering the world, wholly unacquainted with himself or with human character, and therefore involved in misfortunes, through the agency of which we find him associated with the leader of a banditti, and sentenced to perish on the scaffold as one of the gang.

The particulars of this extraordinary consummation it cannot be expected that we should here detail. His supposed father, Cloudesley, conscience-smitten by continued meditation on the crime to which he had been accessory, sets out for England to persuade Lord Danvers to acknowledge the deceit, and to restore Julian to his rights. He fails, and is hurried back by an account that his ward had escaped, in consequence of ill-treatment from the person to whom he had given him in charge. He goes in quest of him, and is mortally wounded by a party of the banditti, with whom Julian had unknowingly joined himself. The youth, who had been brought back, and witnessed his protector's death, being now left without adviser or guide, again seeks the company of the bandit chief.

In the mean time, Lord Danvers, on hearing of Cloudesley's death, and his nephew's flight, selects another confidant to go in quest of him. The previous account of this latter person's life, forms the commencement of the narrative, and, in our opinion, is among its most interesting portions, as containing several lively sketches connected with the history of Peter the Great of Russia, and his more immediate successors. He goes to Sicily in quest of the young fugitive, finds him under sentence of death, and makes an energetic but fruitless application for his pardon. On returning to his hotel, hopeless and desponding, he most unexpectedly meets Lord Danvers. This nobleman had, during the interval of his absence, lost his only remaining son; and now, at length, determines to make the long postponed retribution. He sets out for Italy, arrives at the moment to rescue the young prisoner from an ignominious death; makes a full confession of his own guilt, and dies shortly after, under a complication of maladies brought on by the workings of a soul ill at ease with itself.

"He was extenuated to a degree that can scarcely be credited. The death of his son, his journey to Italy, the acute apprehension of some dreadful event to befall his nephew, and the eternal shame and horror of his guilt, were enough to have killed the strongest man that ever lived. He died by degrees: it was scarcely possible to say when he expired. When he was laid in his grave, the oblivion he desired covered the spot where his body was laid; no stone told even his name to the passer-by.—But," continues the narrator of this part of the story, "I visited the place the last thing I did before I left Naples; and I regarded this grassy

hillock as to me the most impressive legend of the fatal end of usurpation and fraud that ever was recorded."

As an awful and highly impressive lesson on the sentiment contained in the last paragraph, this book deserves to stand high. The workings of the guilty mind, and the slow, but inevitable progress of retributive justice, are delineated with the force of a master. But, as an illustration of the paradox set forth in the preface, it proves nothing; and as an auxiliary for the education and management of the mind of a child, we think it faulty. Considering it as a literary production, it nowise derogates from the reputation of the author's previous writings, and it displays, in particular, a knowledge of the workings of the human heart, and a tact in connecting actions with motives, that must ever prove highly gratifying to a cultivated imagination, and highly serviceable in aiding the scrutiny of our own thoughts, for the purpose of giving a proper direction to our external conduct.

Consolations in Travel, or the Last Days of a Philosopher; by Sir Humphry Davy, Bart. 12mo. Murray, London.

The history of the human mind is the most important branch of philosophy; the volume before us presents an important page of this history. Sir Humphry Davy appears to have possessed the very unusual combination of a romantic temperament, with methodical analytic perseverance. His attainments in chemistry prove his claim to the latter of these; the volume before us is an indisputable evidence of the former. In it he has thrown before the world the workings of his intellect during that period of existence to which we all look forward, as to ourselves, with awe, and as to others, with intense sympathy: the period when we feel reluctantly conscious that we are about to close one part of our career, and equally conscious that we are soon to enter on another, concerning the manner of which we believe much, but know nothing.

The book before us was evidently written at the time now described, when the soul was quivering on the beam between the two states of existence. If our sympathies be excited, if our intellectual curiosity be stimulated, to analyse the workings of the human soul at such a period, when developed even in the most degraded being who expiates his crimes upon a scaffold, and thereby attracts thousands of spectators to a scene where the feelings of humanity are suspended, for a time, by the workings of the most intense curiosity, how much more powerfully must the enlightened mind be drawn to scrutinize the opening afforded by a book like this, for seeing how a highly informed, a deeply thinking, a philosophic individual, prepares himself for the awful transition to a new and enduring state of existence?

These we conceive to be the feelings which a book written under the circumstances of the present volume must excite: the gratification afforded by the indulgence of those feelings will be heightened by the information arising, independently of such considerations, from a work, known to be the last, of the greatest chemist of the age.

We have attributed to Sir Humphry Davy a romantic temperament; the book justifies us: it seems to say, had I not been a chemist,